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THE TATLER

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Home On Time—But No Salad

Tunbridge Sedgwick

Diana Wynyard hurried back from her morning battle with coupons and controls to keep an appointment with the photographer in her Pall Mall flat. She and her shopping basket arrived on time, but halfway upstairs she remembered she'd forgotten the salad. And that was the moment that made this picture. Miss Wynyard is acting in the longest running straight play of the moment, *No Time for Comedy*, and is going on an Ensa tour with it when it leaves the Haymarket. Three important films in which she has leading roles are going the rounds of the country just now: *Freedom Radio*, *The Prime Minister* and *Kipps*



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Cabinet Branch Office

THE plan to set up a branch office of the War Cabinet in Cairo—novel as it is on first impression, but highly important as a constructive development—had been germinating in the Prime Minister's mind for some time. Originally he hoped that Field Marshal Smuts (who prefers still to be known as "General" except on most formal occasions) would be able to accept the appointment as member of Britain's War Cabinet on duty in Cairo. A long and close friendship has existed between Mr. Churchill and our newest Field Marshal. In many respects they are kindred souls. They are both literary minded, romantic in spirit and courageous in outlook. They are both keen students of strategy and, indeed, have both shown their mettle as fighters in the field.

Had General Smuts accepted, it would have brought an Empire man into the War Cabinet, and gone some way to satisfy those who persistently agitate for the inclusion of Dominion brains in the direction of the war. Although it would have enabled General Smuts to have been within comparatively easy flying distance of home, where he has many political problems, he could not see his way to accept. So Captain Oliver Lyttelton has been sent; and the choice of a young man with a fresh mind has produced nothing but praise.

There can be little doubt that criticism of the lack of co-ordination in the Crete campaign and the setback in Cyrenaica had a lot to do with the Prime Minister's decision.

Strategy and Supplies

As Commander-in-Chief Sir Archibald Wavell had many diverse responsibilities in addition to his main pre-occupation of military strategy. Not the least of his heavy burdens was the organisation of supplies. These did not flow direct from Britain or British bases, but from India, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. Now they are also coming from the United States. Organisation of the reception of these supplies must have presented a big problem for a soldier primarily concerned with directing five campaigns. It will be Captain Lyttelton's first task to take over the organisation of supplies.

Next in importance will be his responsibility for interpreting policy laid down by the War Cabinet in Whitehall. By having a man on the spot of high Cabinet rank General Sir Claude Auchinleck will be much freer to direct strategy than was Sir Archibald Wavell. Many times General Wavell is said to have been held up while further clarification of instructions reached him from Whitehall. The strain on him must have been immense. Indeed, it is said to have been so great that General Wavell himself suggested that there must be changes of the kind which have now taken place, and in doing so placed himself at the disposal of the War Cabinet. Sir Claude Auchinleck is stated to have been General Wavell's personal nomination.

As Commander-in-Chief in India, Sir Archibald Wavell will get a much-needed rest and time to study and prepare against any sudden and untoward development in the Russo-German conflict, which might conceivably affect India.

Candidate for Statesmanship

FOR Captain Oliver Lyttelton his appointment is a remarkable promotion. Nine months ago he was not particularly interested in politics. Least of all did he desire a political career. His main interest was industrial, and in this respect he was doing a big job as Controller of Base Metals. Now, at the comparatively youthful age of forty-seven, he is the youngest member of the War Cabinet, with great responsibilities which must fall on him individually.

His neat, six-foot figure, and his remarkable imperturbability will be missed from the House of Commons. So will his quick and flexible mind, which triumphed over many of the difficulties which beset a new Member, and particularly one who has to make his maiden speech from the Front Bench. But in his short term in the House of Commons Captain Lyttelton proved his capacity and there are no doubts that he has all the qualities of an administrator necessary for the task he has to fulfil. His mind is as neat as his tall guardsman's figure. He believes in efficiency, and his outlook is not cob-webbed by conventions.

His policy for rationalising industry for war-time needs was revolutionary, but in laying it down Captain Lyttelton showed signs that he has a capacity for statesmanship which will be of great service to the nation if he can be persuaded to remain in politics when the war is over. When the Prime Minister first invited him to enter the Government, Captain Lyttelton is said to have stipulated that his political service would be for the duration of the war, and he is not a man who changes his mind overnight.

One of the first of the scholarly Lytteltons to enter big business, he made a reputation for himself in the city as managing director of the British Metal Corporation, which he achieved by hard work, imagination and application, as well as his never-failing sense of humour. In the last war Captain Lyttelton won the D.S.O. on the Somme with the Grenadier Guards, becoming brigade major of the 4th and afterwards the 2nd Guards Brigade. If his post in Cairo should develop into that of co-ordinator of, or arbiter to, the three Services, as well it might, his military experience will stand him in good stead. So will his cool head and steady judgment.

The Coal Problem

SENDING Captain Lyttelton to Cairo enables the Prime Minister to switch other ministers into niches best suited to their respective talents. Back at the Board of Trade, Sir Andrew Duncan will devote

his immediate attention to the coal problem, which is causing the Government some concern. At one time the Prime Minister had a plan in mind for putting lighting and fuel rationing, as well as petrol and oil supplies, under one umbrella with a minister in charge, and the choice was expected to fall on a city man. Because of Sir Andrew Duncan's knowledge from the last war, when he was Fuel Controller, and his experience as chairman of the Central Electricity Board, Mr. Churchill can now abandon that plan. Sir Andrew knows all there is to know about coal.

The trouble is that although our export of coal has fallen, there is a potential shortage foreseen for the coming winter. Enough coal is not being produced from the pits. It is not all due to labour difficulties. There are other reasons, and as far as the miners are concerned it may be due to the fact that many of them, like munition workers, are now subject to income tax.

Lord Beaverbrook's New Post

LORD BEAVERBROOK has also been found a new task suited to his special qualities. Germany's sudden attack on Soviet Russia has obviously altered the war situation. Changes in high policy must now be envisaged. At any time now the War Cabinet may decide to switch to an active offensive policy, not only in the air, but on the land. Nobody can tell what may happen, but the Russo-German campaign gives plenty of room for conjecture. Already daylight raids over French territory and night raids over Germany have been intensified. These may be hotbeds up still further.

Whether Hitler smashes Stalin quickly, or the Red Army holds out for a long time,



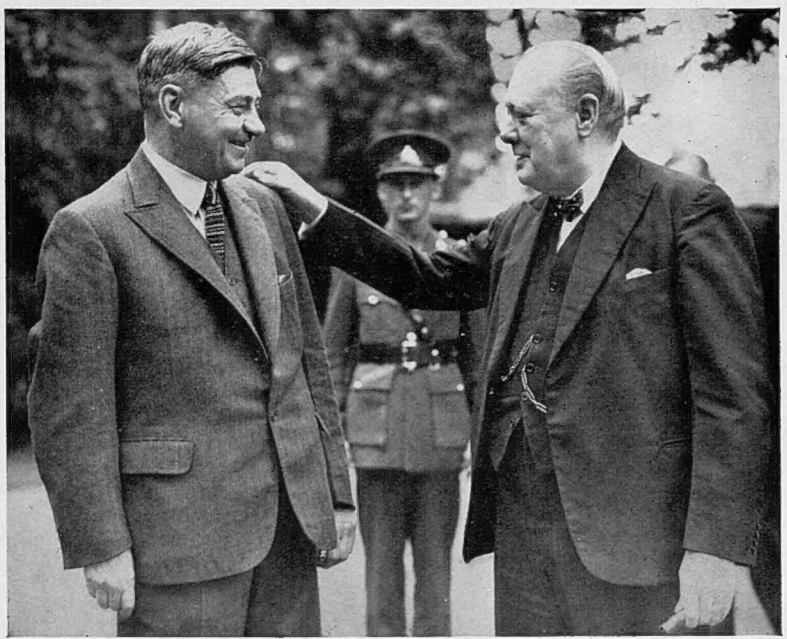
A Compliment to the Free French Navy

Actress Pat Kirkwood, inspired by the Free French Navy, has a delightful outdoor suit in close imitation of their uniform, complete with striped vest and the red pom-pom cap, and showed it off to two admiring French sailors. She is now rehearsing for "Lady Behave," Stanley Lupino's new musical comedy, soon to be presented at His Majesty's Theatre



Yugoslav Ministers in Downing Street

General Dushan Simovitch, the Yugoslav Prime Minister (right), and M. Ninitchitch, the Foreign Minister, visited Mr. Churchill at Downing Street soon after their arrival in this country with their young King Peter. General Simovitch is one of his country's most distinguished soldiers, and has also been Chief of the Yugoslav Air Staff. He is fifty-nine. His Foreign Minister is a man of long experience of politics, and holds the respect and trust of all parties in Yugoslavia.



The Canadian Air Minister Meets Mr. Churchill

Mr. C. G. Power was one of Canada's representatives in London on Dominion Day and met Mr. Churchill after the presentation to the Prime Minister of the golden Torch of Victory. Mr. Power left Montreal on the evening of June 30, crossed the Atlantic in a bomber and arrived in London on July 1. He brought excellent news of the Empire Air Training Scheme in Canada, which is eight months ahead of schedule.

there is a necessity for more guns, more tanks and more ammunition. These are to be produced quickly to meet any eventuality, and the Prime Minister has shown his faith in Lord Beaverbrook's methods by selecting him to direct the speeding-up. Lord Beaverbrook's methods are anything but orthodox, and for this reason he is feared in Whitehall. The other day a colonel was asked by one of Lord Beaverbrook's assistants for a report. This colonel was known for his individuality. He also had his own methods of working. The report did not arrive. A second request was made, with the additional information that Lord Beaverbrook wanted the report by the morning, otherwise he would call round himself for it. The report arrived on time.

Once again we are told that Lord Beaverbrook's stay at the Ministry of Supply will be temporary, something like six months. He likes to be a law unto himself in matters of this kind. He has probably threatened to resign from the Government more than any other minister. In his new job he will find that the foundations have been well and truly laid by Sir Andrew Duncan, who has worked quietly, but with the thoroughness of a typical Scot.

From a political point of view Lord Beaverbrook's new position is a descent from the unspecified position he held as Minister of State. In that post his one principal task was to decide priorities for the three Services. Now he will be concerned with the needs of the Army only. Lord Beaverbrook may not have liked the change. He didn't like leaving the Ministry of Aircraft Production. There, as well as in his position as Minister of State, he had power to influence strategy through supplies in the same way as before the war the Treasury dictated Cabinet policy by its grip on the nation's purse strings. So, for the time being, it can be said that Lord Beaverbrook has been de-moted, and those who may have visualised him as Deputy Prime Minister will have to bear their disappointment.

Speed-the-Tanks Fight

THERE will be much argument over Lord Beaverbrook's new campaign to raise subscription funds for tanks, since inevitably this

means diversion of the national effort away from big bomber production. The one weapon with which we can strike at the enemy immediately is the heavy bomber. The day when we may contemplate the landing in Europe of a great armoured force is still far off. We need a giant bombing fleet now.

For defence we now have all the fighter squadrons and reserves which we need; more than we have room for in the air. But the bomber force, though growing and being equipped with splendid types, is still a long way short of the strength which would enable us to risk heavy losses.

In the view of most competent people, to divert labour and materials now from bombers to tanks will result in lengthening the war by not less than a year. But all this is difficult to explain, and Lord Beaverbrook's widely read newspaper is taking the lead in telling the people, day in and day out, why we must all become tank-minded, so that the man who gave us the Spitfires can now give us the tanks. True, Lord Beaverbrook has relinquished his position as arbiter on priorities. Now the rival claims on production will be settled, in theory, in the Prime Minister's office or by Mr. Ernest Bevin's Supply Executive. But Lord Beaverbrook is in the War Cabinet, and Colonel Moore-Brabazon, the Minister for Aircraft Production, is not. Moreover, he has the Prime Minister's ear and, by one means or another, usually succeeds in getting his own way. This development is going to bewilder America, since for months past we have been begging the administration to concentrate on big bombers before all else.

Hitler Demanded Demobilisation

RELIABLE reports reaching me suggest that Hitler and Stalin fell out over the question of demobilising their respective armies which were facing each other. Hitler wanted to make his plans to meet America's entry into the war. He fears the vast industrial forces which President Roosevelt is already mobilising on the side of the democracies.

The slave labour organised by the Germans in the countries they have occupied are not taking kindly to the German yoke and their

productive results are not up to Hitler's needs. He reached the conclusion that it would be necessary to withdraw at least 3,000,000 skilled men from the Army. He could only do that by reducing the size of his army on guard on the Russian borders. But he could not do this without putting his faith in Stalin to the test! He suggested that Stalin should demobilise his Army, and then demanded that it should be done under German supervision. Stalin would not face the test. He refused. The "friends" did not quarrel, but they parted and Hitler launched his attack.

Stalin has thus got this advantage. He knows that Hitler has a weakness and that Russia can harness herself to the growing strength of America's aid in the cause of democracy. So he accepted the challenge.

A Quick Worker

TO the cynically minded, the constant visits of Sir Stafford Cripps to the Russian Foreign Office where he is now received with cordial welcome is not without amusement. There was a time, not many weeks ago, when he found it difficult to get an audience with a minor official of the Russian Foreign Office, and never at all with Molotoff. All that is ended now, and Sir Stafford Cripps can now show what he is made of.

He is something of a go-getter; and certainly efficient-minded like Captain Oliver Lyttelton. He cuts through red tape as this story indicates. Before leaving London to fly back to Moscow, he went to see the head of a foreign government exiled in London. They discussed the Russian development, and the head of the Foreign Government expressed a desire for a talk with Lieutenant-General Mason MacFarlane, head of the Military Mission, which was about to leave for Moscow. Sir Stafford did not follow the normal Foreign Office technique and write a minute for submission to the Foreign Secretary. He promptly lifted the telephone receiver, called the War office, asked for Sir John Dill, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and said: "Sir John, will you please instruct Mason MacFarlane to be here at 8.30 and to make himself available for a two hours conference."

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

A Word About Sentiment

READERS who remember a certain dust-up with that good actor and good fellow, Brian Aherne, recently aired in these columns—there's a nice derangement of epithets for you—such readers will be glad to hear that the hatchet has been buried with a flourish of mutual regards. Aherne's letter contains one passage of great interest to the cinema-goer who sometimes wonders whether his screen-swans may not be the veriest theatre-geese. Here it is:—

"My dissertation upon the technique of movie-making was evidently not clear. I should not have launched into it at all, but one reads so much rot that is written by the ignorant in the guise of criticism that the temptation to ascend a soap-box is sometimes overpowering. I did not mean to imply that producers, writers, directors, cutters or cameramen will maliciously destroy an actor's performance. My point is that the so-called 'performance' is a synthesis of the work of about six people. This is what is termed in Hollywood the 'set-up,' and is all-important.

"I have worked, for example, with one of the people you mention. She is a thoroughly bad actress, although skilled in the tricks of the camera, and I can assure you that she would not keep the curtain up in a legitimate theatre for ten minutes. She is brilliantly handled, however, and always works with a first-class set-up, which understands exactly how to present her. There are reasons for the acquisition of a

good set-up, which I will not bore you by describing."

AND there I am content to leave this matter of screen-star versus stage-duffer. Let us admire a Davis or a Rogers in the sphere in which she has elected to be seen, and stop speculating as to what she might be like in some other. My new-found friend ends on a note for which I venture to thank him on behalf of all readers of THE TATLER.

"I find I can't really be cross with you, because I notice from your address that you are still in London. You are perhaps not fully aware of the deep admiration for the inhabitants of that courageous city that is felt by civilised people all over the world. Englishmen abroad feel very proud of you all at this moment, and as far as we are concerned you are entitled not only to your opinions but to every reward that time can bring you."

AND now for a word or two about sentiment. Let me say straight out that I am the most sentimental person alive. Stray dogs, military bands patriotically discoursing, old photographs, all songs of the silver-threads-among-the-gold order, smoke rising from autumn bonfires, sunsets, the occasional pathos of Runyon, the end of Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*—all these things bring a lump in my throat which declines to be swallowed. Mention

my childhood to me and I drop tears "faster than the Arabian trees their medicinal gum," as a considerable writer once put it.

That considerable joker, Mr. Sydney Howard, tells a story of the touring actor who complained to his landlady that a certain domestic device dependent upon a chain would not work. "Nay, Mr. Jones," she said; "you're wrong. It works all right. You want to surprise it!" Sentiment which is to move me must take me by surprise. When a frontal attack, which I can see coming, is launched, I retire into a scepticism from which I am not easily dislodged.

I ADMIRE *Boys Town* up to the very confines of reasoned admiration. Was it drenched with sentiment? Yes. Was that sentiment good in its kind? Yes. Did I go to see it three times? Yes. Could I see it a fourth time? Yes. And then the makers of this extraordinary moving picture could not let well alone. They must squeeze the sponge and wring out the dish-cloth. And a sorry, bedraggled mess they have made of the sequel, *Men of Boys Town* (Empire). The beaten-up cripple whose faith in humanity is restored by a dog, the dog which gets run over, the funeral of "Bohunk," which was the terrier's name, the miraculous return of power which permits the cripple to hobble to his pet's grave to the accompaniment of a choir of, presumably, angels, the volte-face of hard-headed and stony-hearted financiers persuaded by the combination of cripple, dog, interment, miracle and choir invisible to redeem *Boys Town* from bankruptcy and set this odd scholastic institution on its legs again—this was an onslaught too barefaced and too little sly to wet a single inch of all that cambric which I had lavishly provided for the occasion.

There was worse than that. I fancied that Mickey Rooney's performance was perfunctory, and I thought that Spencer Tracy was frankly fed up with the whole affair. I hasten to add that not a soul in the crowded audience showed any signs of agreeing with me.

TO the casual reader of cinema advertisements the title *Western Union* (Gaumont) does not seem very alluring. Nor, when one reads that it is all about laying the first trans-American telegraph wire, does one feel wildly excited. It is, nevertheless, a first-class and inherently sincere picture, told in good Fenimore Cooper fashion, and in accordance, one feels sure, with the known facts about that great undertaking.

This picture turns out to possess two enormous virtues. It nowhere pretends that the electric telegraph was invented in order to save some film actress's chevelure from falling to the scalping knife of some Red Indian brave. That is a negative virtue. The film's positive virtue is the forest fire which attains Wagnerian proportions. As a rule I dislike Technicolor; its use in depicting the luridity of flame is a magnificent justification. I certainly recommend this picture, which is followed, after three-quarters of an hour or so, by as superb a "March of Time" as I remember.

THOSE intervening three-quarters were ghastly. I write "were" because I hope a change has been made. I say deliberately that a golfing picture featuring Bing Crosby is easily the most inane piece of cinematic drivel I have ever had the misfortune to sit through. In fact I am glad I sat it through. I now know the worst that the cinema can do.



A Zane Grey Film—"Western Union"

The first cable across the wild west to Salt Lake City is the string on which Zane Grey hung one of his best thrillers, and now "Western Union" has been made into a Technicolor film. Edward Creighton, the telegraph builder, is played by Dean Jagger. Creighton's sister Sue is Virginia Gilmore; the Harvard graduate who joins the cable party as surveyor is Robert Young; the dashing adventurer who fights off Indians and gangsters is Randolph Scott. Fritz Lang directed. "Western Union," commented on by Mr. Agate, is in its second week at the Gaumont

"Pimpernel Smith"

Leslie Howard Plays an
Up-to-date Version of the
"Demmed Elusive" One

"Pimpernel Smith" is a Leslie Howard creation—both the character, played by Howard, and the film, produced and directed by him. The plot about a Cambridge professor who rescues liberals, intellectuals and Jews from the Nazi concentration camps is taken from a story by the late A. G. Macdonell and Wolfgang Wilhelm. Nineteen-year-old Mary Morris has the only important feminine role. This new British National picture went to the Odeon on Monday



Archæology is Professor Smith's subject and he takes bands of Cambridge undergraduates on expeditions in pre-war Germany. His visits coincide rather strangely with the escape from concentration camps of numerous distinguished victims of Nazi oppression. Here is Leslie Howard as the vague, retiring professor, with a party of students led by a young American (Hugh MacDermott). The girl is Ludmilla, daughter of a Polish journalist, played by Mary Morris



The Gestapo is impersonated by Francis Sullivan (centre) and Huntley Wright. Ludmilla (Mary Morris) is pretending to work with them in order to help her father who is suspected of being an accomplice of the mysterious rescuer of Nazi prisoners



Disguise is a Pimpernel speciality. Not even his best friends would recognise Leslie Howard as Professor Smith pretending to be someone else

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Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Ascot at Newmarket

NOT Ascot at all, of course, really, but presumably many of the right faces will be gathered together, many of them framed in khaki instead of flowers and veiling, to watch the right horses win and lose. The King had runners in two of the races—Big Game who has won on all three of his outings up to date, and Sun Chariot who has won her only race this season.

Among memories of the last Ascot before the war are Miss Sonja Henie leading freak fashions in a full-length fox coat and purple poke bonnet, and such habitual racegoers as Lady Jean Christie and Mrs. Patrick Smyly—both were married that year—in neat dresses and turbans. And Mrs. Charles Lloyd, just married (she was Miss Verity Holroyd) in the first of the russet-dyed foxes.

Wedding

FLYING OFFICER ROBERT ULLMAN and Miss Margaret Rank were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. Miss Rank's mother, Mrs. Rowland Rank, has given some lovely parties for officers at her Sussex home: bands, cabarets and all. Among the bridesmaids were Miss Patience Brand, red-haired half-sister of Mrs. Fiske (Rose Bingham that was) and Miss Valerie Gronvold, one of three lovely blonde sisters, one of whom married the Marquess of Ely.

Among other people there were Lord Dudley, Sir Russell and Lady Wilkinson,

Mr. J. V. Rank, Mr. Campbell Heinemann, now at the War Office, and lots of gay young representatives of the Forces. Mr. Ullman is a cheerful young man who uses a long cigarette holder, and the bride is dark and pretty.

Fruits de Mer

THESE always sound extra delicious because faintly impossible—lovely salty peaches, and strawberries, wet, much larger and juicier than the more ordinary variety perpetually resisting the drying processes of the sun.

But, of course, it really only means the better-known fish contents of the sea, on which the distinguished continue to browse at Prunier's. Ones there lately were Sir Donald and Lady McGill, Vice-Admiral Sir Hugh Binney, Sir Ronald Matthew, well known in the North, where his American wife and tall daughters are socially active, Sir Victor and Lady Warrender, Sir James Pitkeathley, and Admiral Muselier.

Lying Around

THE swimming pool at Roehampton has been massed with people lately, lolling about sun-bathing, head to feet and shoulder to shoulder in the good old tramping way which seems to make them feel closest to Nature. Diving resoundingly over and under one another, too, and talking in a pretty *mêlée* of languages, semi-drowned by gramophones at intervals, and the whole lay-out with a patina of sunburn

specifics, definitely suggestive of southern occasions—a few fake jus d'orange stands, and squares of cardboard saying "Consummations 6f." would create quite an illusion. Perhaps, too, gramophone records "off" of the quaking croak of frog and cigale would be a help.

Having tea fully dressed were Beatrice Lillie, and Lilli Palmer's sister, Zoe.

Pre-View in Surrey

MISS CLAIRE LUCE, who does so much to entertain the troops, gave up a Sunday evening to go down to a camp in Surrey, and, as well as some admirable scat singing, to present the first public glimpse of her *Taming of the Shrew*—the scene when she first meets the tamer. It was well-chosen from the point of view of the troops, who whistled for more of the spirited rough and tumbling. A background of grand piano and silver spangled drums accentuated the absence of scenery—there was to have been an interval while they were removed, but Miss Luce, never a trouble-maker, decided it didn't matter—nor did it, as the interest easily rose above irrelevancies.

Carol Lynne, Paddy Jones, the Welsh tenor, Paddy Browne, and Tommy Handley, comedian, were among the other performers, all collected by Mr. Philip Page, who was there himself, making the announcements. Mr. Robert Atkins, producer of the *Shrew*, contributed the famous Henry the Fifth speech rallying the English, always appropriate nowadays.

Among the large audience were the Charles Mills', and Mr. Rex Whistler, now in the Welsh Guards.

Fish and Chips in Hants

VISITING children embowered in a leafy but inaccessible part of Hampshire has its moments of stress. Having missed every available bus, including those which didn't run on Sundays, I had to charter a series of taxis, with the result that by the time we reached Hindhead, where I was



Capt. Tatham Warter and Miss Salt

Capt. John de Grey Tatham Warter, Queen's Bays, eldest son of the late Mr. Henry de Grey Tatham Warter, of Hinton Hall, Salop, and Mrs. Tatham Warter, of Portway House, Kirtlington, Oxon, and Miss Babette Irene (Chimps) Salt, younger daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. H. F. Salt, of 84, Stafford Court, W.3, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster



M. Lampert and Miss Katharine Ridley

M. Eugeni Lampert and Miss Katharine Ridley, daughter of the Hon. Jasper and Mrs. Ridley, of 84, Gloucester Place, W.1, and cousin of Viscount Ridley, were married at the Russian Church, Buckingham Palace Road. Miss Ridley's mother is Russian and was Countess Nathalie Benckendorff, daughter of the former Russian Ambassador in London



Major Watson and Miss Judith Wilkinson

Major Ronald Kenneth Watson, Lothian and Border Yeomanry, younger son of the Hon. Ronald and Mrs. Watson, of 11, Clarendon Crescent, Edinburgh, and grandson of the late Lord Watson, and Miss Judith Cicely Wilkinson, younger daughter of Major-Gen. Sir Percival and Lady Wilkinson, of 16, Markham Square, S.W.3, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton St.



At-Home for a Hospital

The Dowager Viscountess Hambleden and her daughter-in-law, Viscountess Hambleden, acted as hostesses at an At-Home for the annual meeting of the Ladies' Association and Linen Guild of King's College Hospital. Standing between them here is Miss Joyce Grenfell, who did one of her sketches to a highly amused audience. The Dowager Lady Hambleden is the sister of the Earl of Arran, the Marchioness of Salisbury and the Dowager Countess of Airlie

to lunch the boys, money had become short. Dragging them past the only good hotel, I discovered a fish and chip joint, filled with steaming soldiers, where we took our places at a long and clothless table, and fell upon the oil-soaked specialité de la maison. This was enthusiastically washed down with fizzy lemonade, especially by the three-year-old one, unused to anything much more interesting than Bengers. When I apologised about there being nothing "to follow" the elder one said: "Not at all, Mother. We think it's very kind of you to take us out at all."

After that we sat on a tin seat, in front of a corrugated iron "Good Pull In For Charabancs," and ate Walls ices, without apparent ill effect. So obviously a lot of rot is talked about diet.

In a Mobile Canteen

MOST provincial pantomimes have a scene called "In A Persian Market," which means the female part of the company stamping about dressed like lampshades and singing something reiterative. Writing about mobile canteens, and actually functioning as part of one, are different propositions.

The kind with no bonnet, and the engine under the seat, project one against space like the figurehead of a ship. Actual dishing out of tea, in thick white cups of uniform pattern, and slices of cake that

might easily be made of sawdust and margarine, but which are, of course, high quality wartime Madeira, is as jolly a piece of hostess-ship as can be imagined, and "mobile salon" is a more acceptable description than "mobile canteen." The chaps employed on demolition, who are the non-blitz objects of these things' compassion, are as charming a social contact as can be imagined, ardent destroyers with dusty eyelashes carrying on where the bombs left off with a fervour which one hopes may eventually result in the new and better Phoenix London arising from the musty-smelling remains. And how these remains do blow into one's eyes.

Marsala and Capri

By those obscure thought processes beloved of the dream experts, Madeira cake suggests Marsala, which suggests Edward Lear dying of said drink upon the over-publicised Island of Capri.

Of all the famous people connected with this full stop on the map, he is the least known to have sped to his downfall there. The villas of Tiberius and Axel Munthe vie, with unequal justifiability, for popularity, Somerset Maugham characters run wild unhindered upon its confined but extravagantly over-decorated slopes, while Norman Douglas's *South Wind* blows an immortal fragrance of decay through the paged minds of book-lovers.

And really it had long ago become just another place for European party boys to wash off the sunburn oil their friends had applied to their backs.

Desert Islands

THERE is a lovely book by Walter de la Mare called *Desert Islands*, decorated by the Rex Whistler just referred to, now doing his country a new kind of good in the Welsh Guards and a Sam Browne belt.

A delicious quotation, from something as prosaic as the log-book of H.M.S. Beagle, mentions

that: "The lake is quite circular, and is fringed with a border of bright-green succulent plants; the almost precipitous walls of the crater are clothed with wood, so that the scene was altogether both picturesque and curious. A few years since, the sailors belonging to a sealing vessel murdered their Captain in this quiet spot; and we saw his skull lying among the bushes."

South Kensington

So cut off from one another are London districts that they almost qualify as islands, and now, with wholesale wartime evacuation, the really residential ones are as near as dammit desert ones, and pretty lavishly wrecked at that. All the same, much essential atmosphere is retained, and South Kensington is still redolent of prams.

Pram-habitues, near enough their youth to retain its whimsier memories, have some nice connections with this district. For instance, "Hairpin Lane." This is a little walled alley, short cutting from the park towards the nobler squares, and apparently in its fairly immediate past it owed its name to the vast quantity of hairpins invariably to be found upon its floor. The connection between these phenomena and the petting parties of housemaids was not perceptible to the young whom they puzzled, so that the whole thing was a charming, Barrie-esque mystery. The name was not, of course, official.



Flying-Officer Ullman and Miss Margaret Rank

Flying-Officer Robert Alexander Ullman, R.A.F., and Miss Margaret Voase Rank, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. He is the elder son of Capt. Victor Ullman, of the Close, Esher, Surrey. She is the elder daughter of the late Mr. Rowland Rank and Mrs. Rank, of Aldwick Place, Sussex. Her younger sister Patricia was married in May to Lieut. Charles Compton, R.N.

Miss Margaret Rank's six bridesmaids wore lace frocks, net head-dresses with a posy of flowers on one side, and carried sheaves of carnations



Cricket at Eton

Eton College

v.

Winchester

The Eton and Winchester match, played on Agar's Plough, was won comfortably by Winchester in a workmanlike manner, their fielding in particular was crisp and smart. It was Eton's first defeat of the season, and their cricket was not quite up to recent standards, the fielding was clumsy and all over the place. Out of 106 matches played between the two schools, Eton has won 53, Winchester 27, and 26 have been drawn



The two captains, H. M. Chinnery (Eton) and D. A. A. Gray (Winchester), were snapped together. Chinnery was caught by Horne off Gray's left-handed bowling



Eton's first two batsmen were C. H. B. Pease and C. P. Lindsay. They made 17 runs apiece and were both caught out; the former by Daggart, the latter by Aizlewood, the Winchester wicket-keeper

(Below) Capt. Douglas R. Jardine, the famous All-England cricket captain, came to see his old school beat Eton for the first time since he captained the side in 1919



Here is a general view of the spectators, mostly parents and their sons, who watched the Eton and Winchester match, played on Agar's Plough at Eton this year. It was the first time Winchester had beaten Eton since 1919 when D. R. Jardine captained the Winchester XI.



H. M. Stanley sat with his mother, Mrs. K. B. Stanley, who kept her score-card carefully up to date, and his sister, Miss Maureen Stanley



Capt. Robert Jenkinson, Coldstream Guards, was with his wife, the former Miss Gwyneth Mathews, and his son by a former marriage, J. C. Jenkinson



Nigel Shepley-Shepley's father and mother, Major and Mrs. Shepley-Shepley, were others who came over to Eton to watch the cricket

C. M. Wheatley, the Eton bowler who with Keighley was kept hard at it, had a family party consisting of his mother, Mrs. Wheatley, his sister, Miss Elizabeth Wheatley, and his father, Brig.-General L. L. Wheatley

Cricket at Lord's

Oxford v. Cambridge



Colonel and Mrs. Burrige were snapped with their son, J. D. Burrige (Haileybury and Trinity), the Oxford wicket-keeper. He was caught at the wicket off H. E. Watts after only 21 runs had been scored



E. V. Crutchley (Harrow and Ch. Ch.) made 28 in Oxford's first innings. His father, Capt. G. E. V. Crutchley, Scots Guards, a former Harrow, Oxford and Middlesex cricketer, was at Lord's with his wife and Miss Joan Caslon to see his son play

The one-day 'Varsity match at Lord's attracted a large audience. Cambridge won by 7 wickets; with two hours in hand. It was a good game, if a little one-sided. Cambridge had been luckier in having several match practices, whereas Oxford had had none. The standard of bowling was well above the usual University average, that of H. E. Watts, the Cambridge bowler, being a feature of the day. The Red Cross benefited to the extent of £120 from gate money

The Oxford team: (Sitting) A. K. Markland, E. Crutchley, F. C. Boulton (captain), P. B. K. Gracey, R. H. Marten; (Standing) A. J. Ross, J. H. Gaster, J. D. Burrige, G. A. Gidney, N. Gibbs, M. J. W. Cassy



Batting for Oxford, G. A. Gidney (Rugby and Ch. Ch.) pulled a ball round to leg off B. C. Levett (Chigwell and Magdalene), the Cambridge bowler

(Left) A view of the 'Varsity match at Lord's: Oxford went in first after winning the toss

The Cambridge team: (Sitting) J. A. Dew, G. P. Baylis, J. R. Bridger (captain), H. E. Watts, J. D. Matthews; (Standing) B. C. Levett, M. R. Holman, E. R. Crighton, W. R. Jukes, H. P. Sherman, T. G. Freeman



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

FRESH from Crete, Brigadier Inglis, of the New Zealand Forces, has spoken heartening words about Rosalie, the bayonet, which is still as decisive an arm, apparently, as it was when the French invented it down at Bayonne a couple of centuries ago.

The bayonet was named Rosalie by the French infantry in the last war, when the chansonnier Théodore Botrel wrote a popular marching-song about it with that title. It began life as an ordinary knife tied to the end of a musket, and during the Revolution its many uses were developed, from toasting bread and spearing rats to extracting politicians from their babbling-house like winkles with a pin.

In World War I., many aged soldiers will recollect, there was a kind of Kreisler of the bayonet touring the depots, a huge, hearty stentorian Guards instructor of great horror, whose relish was quite appalling. The art of the grimace was his special care. We've often thought the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, which teaches little actresses to make those faces, should have secured the services of this virtuoso, by the side of whom Irving twisting his features in *The Bells* must have looked like a schoolgirl with colic.

The Slade and other art schools might have employed him with benefit, too. There is a convention still prevalent among

artists that the homely British military pan, when involved in a bayonet-charge, is fixed in an expression at once severe, tense, and noble. Actually the British pan in such circumstances looks like a rubber gargoyle in a heat-wave, which is far more workmanlike.

Meditation

SPEAKING of homely pans, those of the Red Army and Navy chiefs, our new buddies by the grace of Hitler, photographs of whom the Fleet Street boys have been lavishing on us ever since the Soviet entered the war, are nothing to set to music, either.

This remark has no immediate ideological significance, the pans of pre-Soviet generals and admirals having often provoked us similarly to thought. Russians of this type often run terribly to mustachios. One of the late military Grand Dukes flaunted a pair of the most flamboyant and vexing kind, and poor Marshal Budenny of the Red Army decorates his upper lip, we perceive, with an arrangement of hair like a pair of Roman ox-horns. Maybe it's a traditional bequest from the Boyards ("ask the boyards in the back-room what they'll have," as the actress said laughingly to Boris Godounov), who were notably hairy, and,



"Well, it was reconstructed from the plans X27 brought back"

like those dreary retired generals in all Russian novels, dyed and perfumed their whiskers.

Our theory is that the Russian national sport, talking, makes these articles of equipment as necessary as shin-guards to cricketers. Knockout speculations on the soul or cabbage-soup either bounce off the undergrowth or are trapped in the meshes, and score one point for the defence.

Marshal Rhychagov, of the Red Air Force, is cleanshaven, incidentally; possibly a sign that he either rejects talking in toto or fears no civilian competitor. We don't know if he knows that going about like that makes him look like Gertrude Stein.

Query

ONE of the things we used to look forward to most keenly when American friends came over in pre-war days was their breathless habit of walking into the most sacred places—you know which—of Savile Row and ordering half-a-dozen suits, just like that.

We made a point of going with them. One quick, cool searching glance from the tailor satisfied him that we were some parasite or attendant, and he dismissed us from his thoughts. The hunting-kit establishments were more difficult. "Good God!" the tailor kept saying to himself, as we could well perceive. "What do these Americans pick up with? Democracy! No background! Good God!" There was one occasion when our friend flattened a tailor quite out by reminding us of a ride together in New England; but he almost instantly recovered ("Ride! Good God!") and never really dropped the chalk. And once, after luncheon, an American friend backed us up when we contradicted an expert about the fit of a riding-boot, in the middle of a shop full of glittering spurs and bits and horse-whips, with two menacing purple Mohocks champing by the door. . . . Life, life!

Remembering these dear vanished pleasures, we were glad to see from the *Daily Mail* that Savile Row is not so badly hit by the war as one had feared, and that the American trade is still flourishing, their travellers report. It would be absurd to resent their first dismay and hauteur, for they welcome you the second (or third) time with real kindness, if the introduction is all right. Have you ever thought—we often have—that when people give you cold or

(Concluded on page 50)



"Our Mr. Smith was on the roof all last night"



Engaged

Miss Margery de Wardener is engaged to Capt. "Mo" de Mier, Gordon Highlanders, son of Mrs. Arbuthnot-Leslie, of Lickleyhead, Aberdeenshire. Was a vendeuse at Mainbocher in Paris, now has the same job in New York



Sub-Debutante

Miss Louise Husted, said to be the prettiest sub-deb in New York, is the seventeen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Husted. Her parents lived in London for fifteen years, up to 1939. They have the Walter Bromley-Davenports' children with them for the duration



Theatrical War Work

Miss Naomi Campbell, daughter of Sir Gerald Campbell, was rehearsing her part in a play with the author, Mr. Gerald ("George and Margaret") Savory. Seated is Miss Armstrong, dynamic organiser of operations for British War Relief at the New York headquarters. Miss Campbell's father was British Minister in Washington, is now Director-General of British Information in the U.S.A.

Across the Atlantic

Mother and Daughter

Miss Gertrude Lawrence and her daughter, Miss Pamela Howley, were photographed in their pent-house garden. Miss Howley was married in the last week of June to Dr. Billy Cahan, of New York. She has been working at the Anglo-American ambulance offices. Miss Lawrence, who was rumoured to be coming to Britain, is now to play opposite Philip Merrivale at the Massachusetts Summer Theatre which her husband owns



Working for Seamen

Mrs. John Taylor and Mrs. Lanfear B. Norrie (till recently Miss Christobel More-Molyneux) work for the British Merchant Seamen's Club among other war charities. Mrs. Taylor takes a party of friends to entertain at the Club every Thursday, and spends much time collecting beer and cigarettes for the men



Actress

Miss Leonora Corbett starts rehearsals next month in a new play which opens on Broadway in the fall. Meanwhile she has been helping Mrs. John Taylor at the British Merchant Seamen's Club, was on her way there when she was photographed

Standing By ...

(Continued)

startled looks there must be something wrong with you? Have you ever thought you may look, to everybody else, like an ape?

Boff

THAT disciplinary rap administered to the projectors of the Glen Affric Water Power Bill by the chief of the Lovat Clan in *The Times* recently must have given masses of thoughtful citizens pleasure on both sides of the Border.

Foiled temporarily by the war in a scheme for turning a large area of the most beautiful part of the Highlands into an industrial paradise, this monopoly is now pawing the ground and biding its time. Lord Lovat's point that the Highlands, though poor, and likely to be much poorer after the war, have their own water plans and don't want Big Business submerging and defiling their glens and lochs for private profit, probably strikes the City as insane. The City probably knows nothing of that curious contempt for Mammon which flourishes in some parts of Christendom even to-day, among all classes, notably in Spain, in the Scottish Highlands, in Southern Ireland, Languedoc, and Corsica, in which island you could probably still find families living mainly on chestnuts served from dishes of antique, massy, battered silver, poor as Job and proud as the Cid Campeador. It makes Mammon look a bit of a bounder, one feels.

Antidote

As a counterblast to all those little get-rich-quick books on Success, a chap we know once wrote a little manual called *Failure*, full of gay, exquisite truths and fine

illustrations and biting satire, breathing health and commonsense in every page. No publisher would look at it, the feeling in the racket being that such a book wouldn't sell.

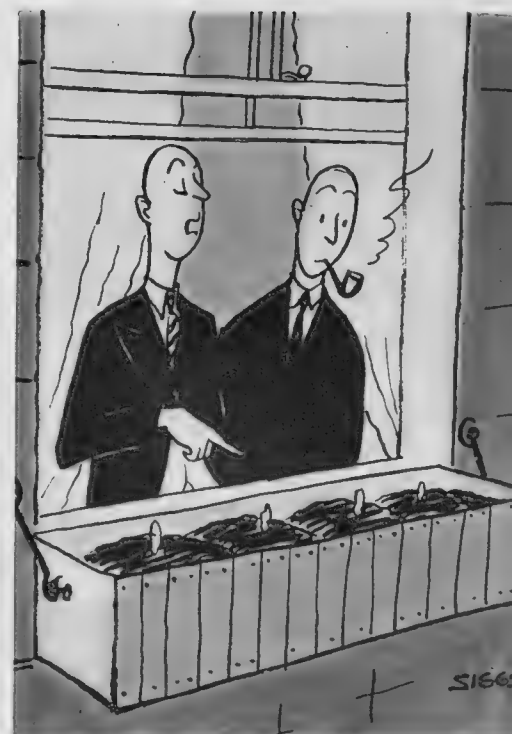
Arcadiana

NONE of the professional Nature boys, absorbed as usual in the doings of flowers and birdies, has yet noted an interesting rustle or commotion in the Arcadian underworld which no student of rural social conditions can afford to ignore.

Briefly, the anonymous pens which are a traditional feature of village life are reaping an unexpected reward. Those spinster ladies of both sexes who have been releasing their inhibitions for years by secretly denouncing local witches and Jesuits and discovering nameless crimes in the most blameless quarters can hardly believe it, but it is now necessary for their wildest reports to the local cops to be examined and sifted by the Field Security Police, that highly useful corps attached to every division of troops in this country, often with a Balliol accent in five languages. About once in every fifty such cases, one of the F.S.P. tells us, they find something to work upon. Strange fauna have drifted into the countryside, and when the balloon goes up one or two people are going to get a sharp surprise, maybe.

File

IT's a delicate and difficult job for the F.S.P., especially in villages where practically everybody is on somebody's blacklist, from the General and the Vicar down to Mrs. Mangles's Rosie, aged five, and, of course, every "furriner" of less than twenty years' permanent residence. Having been denounced ourselves to the police some time ago—we used to get French books through the post, which was pretty sinister—we may add that the average rural cop takes the philosophic view that half the



"Pea, bean, potato, cabbage"

world is nuts. However, he keeps a dossier just the same.

Switch

A MILD little scuffle over the exact date when the British Army exchanged red uniform for khaki has been going on in one of the dailies.

Majuba Hill (February 26th, 1881) seems to us to have been the turning-point. The Boer marksmen picked off our redcoats so unerringly that somebody afterwards suggested (we've always understood) to the Staff that red uniforms were rather conspicuous against a grey-brown background, perhaps. The Staff, which had been preparing busily for the Crimean War—we forget who said rather rudely, some years ago, that the Staff is always one war behind—readjusted its thinking and ultimately produced khaki. And, if you remember, on the eve of the present war khaki was going to be exchanged, in its turn, for some sort of greenish camouflage fabric. However, the then War Ministry was so preoccupied with giving the troops free manicures and pink roses on their dressing-tables that this particular reform did not mature, like tanks.

We lately argued with a red-faced chap at a party that if invisibility is the military goal, a loincloth and painted dazzle-stripes are obviously the best possible uniform. This made the chap swell and wax so indignant on deathless Service traditions and decency and straight bats and damn-it-all-one-must-draw-the-line-somewhere and so forth that we weren't a bit surprised to hear, later, that he was connected with Army clothing contracts in a big way.

Posy

IF that citizen who has been writing to the papers demanding an anthology of Representative Empire Poetry (for some reason) gets his way, one trusts the compiler will not overlook that fine authentic ode by a Babu poet on the death of Queen Victoria which begins:

Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes,
Into the tomb the Great Queen dashes.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Er—by the way, madam—are you registered with us?"

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"Blimey! You've bin lashin' about a bit with yer margarine coupons, 'aven't yer?"



By the window Ethel Walker sits to write her letters. The sitting-room of her workman's cottage is so small that only from outside could the photographer get his camera trained on his sitter. Pictures overflow into the tiny kitchen (left) where Miss Walker cooks on a little oil stove

An Artist at Home

Ethel Walker, A.R.A., at Her Buckinghamshire Cottage, and Some of Her Pictures

Ethel Walker was bombed out of her Chelsea studio last September, and now lives in extreme simplicity in a workman's cottage at Ray's Hill, Cholesbury, a little green village in the hills between Chesham and Tring. Two rooms up and two down, a plot of garden, a wide view, a neighbour to help with household chores: these supply the framework of this distinguished painter's life. Pictures are stacked round the walls of the tiny front room, and when there is no room "on the line" there, they go in the kitchen, jostled by humbler companions—brooms, gardening tools, saucepans, bread, milk, soapflakes, all in glorious confusion. And then she has two dogs, Boy David and Jessica. She has a home in Yorkshire, too, at Robin Hood's Bay, where from her studio window she has painted many of her wonderful seascapes, shimmering and surging with light and life

Ethel Walker studied at the Notting Hill Gallery in the days when Ridley was there, and later at the Slade under Professor Frederick Brown. The exhibition of one of her first portraits, "Angela," resulted in membership of the New English Art Club. She was invited to exhibit and be present at the St. Louis Exhibition in America, and there earned her first public appreciation when the eminent French critic, Paul Adam, listed, out of the British artists exhibiting, the five best "headed by Monsieur Ethel Walker." Since those days Miss Walker has made a fine reputation both in England and abroad, and her pictures hang in many galleries, including the Tate. The Queen has purchased work by her for the collection of modern English paintings which her Majesty has been making for the past few years. Ethel Walker was awarded the C.B.E. in 1938, and last year became an A.R.A. She has six pictures in this year's Academy, a landscape, a flower painting (one of her favourite subjects) and four portraits, of which two are reproduced here

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



"The Storm," her famous seascape, is at the Ashmolean at Oxford



"Moscha Ored, the Poet-Jeweller"



"Sylvia," one of the six pictures by Ethel Walker in this year's Academy

Boy David, Miss Walker's dog, goes painting with her



"The Florentine" is another 1941 Academy portrait by Ethel Walker



"Nausicaa and Her Maidens" belongs to the Tate Gallery





Harlip

Mrs. Sylvester Gates

Here is a new portrait of Mrs. Sylvester Gates, wife of the Personal Assistant to the Director-General of the M.O.I., Sir Walter Monckton. She is the daughter of Mr. Algernon Newton, A.R.A., the landscape painter, and has three children, two girls by her first marriage, Ann and Venetia Murray, and a small son aged three, Oliver Gates, who are now staying in Washington with Mr. Justice Frankfurter (of the U.S. Supreme Court). Mrs. Gates is a member of the W.V.S. and has been helping with refugees from Gibraltar.



Harlip

Mrs. Chambré Ponsonby

In January this year Miss Merelina Bosanquet was married to Captain Chambré Brabazon Ponsonby. She is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. T. Bosanquet, of Bayfields, Headley, Hants. Her husband, who is in the 10th Royal Hussars, comes from Ireland, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby, live at Kilcooley Abbey, Thurles, Tipperary.



Hay Wrightson

Mrs. Evan Morgan-Williams

Formerly Miss Gillian Muir, Mrs. Evan Morgan-Williams was in the A.T.S. before her marriage a few months ago. She is the only daughter of the late Mr. Mathew W. Muir, and of Mrs. D. J. Mitchell, a niece of Sir Kay Muir, Bt., of Blair Drummond, Perthshire, and granddaughter of the late Sir John Muir, Lord Provost of Glasgow from 1889-1892. Her brother, Mr. "Kim" Muir, a popular G.R., was killed in action last year. She and her husband have a delightful home at Bishop's Canning, Wiltshire.

Young Marrieds

The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Brougham, formerly Miss Sonya Salzman, who was married last year, is a Russian by birth, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Salzman. Her husband is the only brother of Lord Brougham and Vaux of Brougham Hall, Penrith, Cumberland; he is in the South Lancashire Regiment and was on active service in France last year. They have a baby son who was born at 29, Cleveland Gardens, W.2, at the end of April.



Mrs. Patrick FitzGerald
 The only daughter of Mr. Arthur Knollys (retired Colonial Service) became Mrs. Patrick FitzGerald in January 1940. She obtained an honours degree in languages in 1938, and was at one time secretary to the Financial Attaché at the French Embassy in London. Her husband, who is in the Foreign Office, has just published his third book, "The Tower of Five Glories"

Yvonne Gregory



The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Brougham

Hay Wrightson

Mrs. Bernard Van Cutsem is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Compton, of Newby Hall, Ripon, and granddaughter of Lady Alwynne Compton. She has two brothers, Mr. Alcyne Arthur Compton being her twin. She drives an ambulance in Stepney, where her mother also works with the W.V.S., in a mobile canteen operating from the People's Palace. Mr. Van Cutsem, whom she married in 1939, is in the Life Guards



Mrs. Van Cutsem

Harlip



Mrs. Archer Clive

Harlip

Mrs. Archer Clive is the daughter of Captain the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Portman and a cousin of Viscount Portman; before her marriage she was Miss Penelope Isabel Portman. Her husband, Lt.-Col. Archer Clive, M.C., Grenadier Guards, an old Harrovian, is the elder son of Lt.-Gen. Sir Sidney Clive, Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, and Lady Clive, of Perrystone Court, Ross, Herefordshire. They have two children, Henry, born in 1934, and a five-year-old daughter, Anne

With Silent Friends

By Richard King

New Biography of Keats

I SUPPOSE more bosom-friendships, more wedded happiness, have been ruined by bad manners than by anything else in the world. And friendship, to be kept fresh as the loveliest gift in life, and love which is to last after the early period of mere passion, demand the most beautiful manners. Otherwise they die of the kind of hurts which are big enough alas! to be noticed by the one who suffers from them, but too small to demand an explanation. An accumulation of them will eventually slay the beauty of both friendship and love; and, say what you will, either, without this beauty, is a very poor exchange for the interest of one's own company, plus the society of pleasant acquaintances. When both are so precious to the inner-joy of life it seems tragic that human nature can very rarely stand the responsibility of being loved. For it is a responsibility, a big responsibility. Once allow an atmosphere of taking love and friendship for granted to enter into the close association and something very lovely, which can never be regained, stands silently in the doorway ready to depart.

Maybe the real tragedy has its root in that French adage about how in love—and this applies to friendship—there is always one who loves and one who lets himself be loved.

Only the very rare being indeed can meet real unselfishness half-way with that visible appreciation which makes of sacrifice a divine opportunity to serve and to be served. No: as a general rule, love and unselfishness only breed a kind of bad manners, hardly distinguishable from indifference, in the object of their devotion. It is a queer and grim aspect in human association and it is perhaps the secret of all that inner loneliness which very few people ever escape, and some are tormented by all their lives. And nothing can ever be done about it, because human nature, being human nature, can very rarely keep up even a pretence of politeness towards those blessings which alone often make life worth living. Until, of course, they are dead and gone—when a whole new flood of devotion and appreciation swamps the memory, quite uselessly.

If I had anyone to whom to give advice, and always supposing they had the sense to see its wisdom before bitter experience taught them the lesson, I would tell them to keep a corner of their inner life for themselves alone. It must have its own keen interests, its own enthusiasms, its own—possibly unsharable—sense of beauty, its own freedom, its own peace. It must never depend on others; though there may be

interludes, and they may look permanent, which another may seem to transform into additional loveliness for a while, but which will probably fade away leaving you sad and lonely; yet with this silent inner sanctuary still intact.

For, always remember that though we, as individuals, may be a "novelty" in the beginning, enjoying to the full the first flush of unexplored delight, we eventually become "familiarities"—and only the very rare spirits have not another and a far less pleasant code of manners for such as they. And this, may be, was the secret behind the unhappy love-affair between Keats and Fanny Brawne which Miss Betty Askwith has so well described in her interesting biography of the poet: *Keats* (Collins; 12s. 6d.).

Neither Too Sentimental, nor Too Prosaic

MISS ASKWITH writes about other biographies: "I thought this one too dry and this one too sentimental" (and she is referring to the majority of biographies of Keats). So in her own she has tried to steer clear of either too much data or too many "romantic" tears. And it seems to me she has succeeded well enough. In great part she builds up her actual portrait of the poet from contemporary evidence, personal letters, information published by the poet's friends and acquaintances after his death. The main outline of his life is briefly stated, though it is pleasantly elaborated by evidence garnered by other biographers.

Not that she has actually anything new to tell us. The book is interesting for the new "slant" which she brings to her subject, and especially to his love-affair with Fanny Brawne. Here she is sensible, yet feminine indeed. Some writers have put quite a lot of blame on poor Fanny, even hinting that

Keats's death was accelerated by a broken heart. As a matter of fact, the unhappiness in this love-affair lay far deeper than the mere question of which of the two was the most loyal, the most in love. It was really a question of a man, or woman, being able to serve two masters—their supreme individual self-expression on the one part, or the subservience of being in love and being loved on the other. Keats was undoubtedly deeply in love; yet at the same time he resented this blessing, or this curse. He was tormented by the thought of passion's earlier ecstasies, but fearful of the permanence which goes with them if the love-affair is to have the usual conventional ending. So, as some of his letters prove, he was for ever rushing forward and yet holding back. Well, any woman—and Fanny was a bright and attractive girl; moreover shrewd into the bargain—will sense that in her lover, no matter how often he may write poems to her beauty, or express himself on paper as if the whole of happiness depended upon her smile. No wonder, Fanny, too, held back. She wasn't so blindly in love as all that.

(Concluded on page 58)



Angus McBean

Miss Rosalyn Boulter

On tour with a popular play recently revived is Rosalyn Boulter, who takes the part of the second Mrs. Fraser with Miss Marie Tempest in the title role of "The First Mrs. Fraser." An error appeared in our social correspondent's letter of June 4th, attributing her part to another actress



Bassano

Miss Janet Margesson

Capt. David Margesson, the Secretary of State for War and for many years Conservative Whip, has a daughter with advanced Socialist tendencies, Miss Janet Margesson. She has been chosen by the People's Convention as their delegate for the American Youth Congress to be held in Philadelphia

Photographs
by Swaebe



The Shaw is a converted and enlarged cottage, designed by its owner, roofed with Norfolk thatch, and surrounded by a fairyland of flowering shrubs and heathers. Sir Archibald Hurd is a keen and knowledgeable gardener, and heathers are one of his specialities



Sir Archibald and Lady Hurd are only four years from celebrating their golden wedding. Between them here stands a sundial made in 1729

Ships Are His Passion

Sir Archibald Hurd, Chronicler of
the Merchant Navy, Lives in Kent

The Battle of the Seas is Sir Archibald Hurd's latest book, published last month with the blessing of the Ministry of Information (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.). It is a story of the Merchant Navy, with a chapter of pre-1914 history, a chapter on the last war and an account of what these ships and sailors have done and are doing in this war. Sir Archibald has been writing about ships and the sea all his life, for nearly thirty years as naval and shipping correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, and in innumerable other journals as well as in books of his own. He has watched the launching of every big ship built in Britain for the last half-century, is the only civilian ever made an hon. member of the United Service Institution, is chairman of the *Shipping World*, the oldest weekly of its kind in this country. And he is the author of the three volumes dealing with the Merchant Navy in the Official History of the 1914-18 war. Apart from ships, he likes designing houses, planned his own home in Kent and another for one of his two married daughters; he is an expert gardener and a mild golfer; he has begun to learn carpentering; and has at seventy-two an energy, a sense of humour, and a delight in life that a man half his age might envy



With Silent Friends

(Continued)

For Keats, his own passion was apparently mixed up with that hidden jealousy of love which might perhaps come between him and his poetry—the only loveliness in life which he understood and in which he could breathe freely. The result, of course, was uncertainty on both sides, with the fatal illness from which he died intervening as the final answer to both their unspoken questioning. Maybe, it was, after all, the fatal attraction of two “unsuitables.” For Fanny, knowing Keats with the unconscious inner-knowledge of those who allow themselves to be loved, a cautionary common sense held her back from committing herself to an irretrievable decision. For Keats, an inner knowledge whispered that for him, as a poet whose one passion in life was poetry, love would never be quite enough. Who can tell? These are but guesses, though based on intuition.

In any case, the whole problem is delightfully set forth in Miss Askwith's biography. Successfully she has hewn a way between the over-serious and the over-sentimental. Thus Keats emerges not only as a great poet, but as a man with as many human foibles, weaknesses and strength as men, who are individualists, usually possess. It is an intimate, almost a domestic study, but it is readable to a degree.

Bright Entertainment

Nor alone at parties do “life-and-souls” usually become simply strident before the end. It is by no means easy to be bright when you know that brightness is expected of you, and for a certain space of time. You can, if you are brightly determined, start off as a flourish, but it is nevertheless difficult to avoid ending as a flop. Certainly Mr. John Brophy's “charming frolic” (according to the inside wrapper) never comes near flopping, but it does get a little strident towards the end. All the same,

though as a light novel its appeal at the moment may not be universal—since for most of us frolicsomeness seems like a far-off memory—*Solitude Island* (Collins; 7s. 6d.) should suit some readers very nicely; especially perhaps those who are hourly in the thick of it—“it” being the war. As an entertainment it never achieves wit, but it rarely fails to be entertaining.

Half the background of the tale is Clutterpool's big West End Store, which Sir Jasper Bleek runs so unconventionally that all kinds of odd people work there. The other half belongs to Sir Jasper's riverside home. Although his daughter, Daphne, is one of those young girls who start as a “lump” and end up as a “frump,” her life on *Solitude Island* is anything but uneventful. So far as we are concerned, the excitement begins when Sir Jasper rashly buys some Asiatic guinea-pigs, and the plebeian Nigel walks on the scene only to discover that Daphne has fallen for him badly and, like the usual heroine of a crooner's lamentation, simply hasn't the heart to get up again. But Nigel alas! has fallen for Esmeralda Brown, who for one glorious day had been a mannequin at Clutterpool's. And Esmeralda was also loved by cynical Mr. Pennon who, being quite conceited, imagined that his seduction of her had been a “near miss” when, in reality, it was miles away. Around these main characters Mr. Brophy has woven his entertainment, which, though it seemed to me it became just a little strained towards the end, is full of amusing invention most of the way, and this is the most we can ask for from any “frolic” after all. And, moreover, so seldom get.

Poirot Again

THERE was once a time when any story containing a murder passed muster as a “thriller.” Then there followed a period when “horror stories” very nearly died of their own horrors—or absurdity, if you will. After which the detective yarn began to improve tremendously, until now when there is almost a glut of first-rate tales with murder-and-mystery as their theme. I

suppose there is no other side of light literature where the rivalry at the moment is more intense or where those writers at the top can be eclipsed as rapidly as a falling film star. This has not happened, however, to Miss Agatha Christie and if she can continue to give us such good detective yarns as *Evil Under the Sun* (Collins; 7s. 6d.) she should keep her throne comfortably. Her famous detective, Poirot, is not yet within yawning distance of becoming a bore.

Here he is found spending a quiet holiday at an English seaside resort. Among the party, however, is one beautiful damsel whom several other members of the group find highly inconvenient. Therefore, when she is found strangled in a cove, suspicion lights first on this person, then on that. And so cleverly does Miss Christie suggest that each one in his turn simply *must* be the murderer that you are almost persuaded to believe at times that she has broken one of the main rules in this class of fiction—namely that the guiltiest to look at is always the most innocent in the end. Then, when you are convinced that she hasn't really led you up the garden path she drops her solution like a bomb, and so convincingly that you feel like kicking yourself for not having seen it coming.

Timely Selection

ONE seems to learn geography nowadays by means of war. Places you have never heard of become something like household words. And even about those places and countries which you know well, your memory needs a kind of reviving mixture. Thus, Mr. H. V. Morton in *Middle East* (Methuen; 8s. 6d.) has had the happy inspiration to select from three previous books of his passages which describe such countries as are included in the present Middle East war-zone—Egypt, Iraq, Palestine, Greece and Turkey—revising and bringing them up-to-date. The book gives one a lovely excuse, moreover, to re-read some of Mr. Morton's most descriptive chapters—and there are very few writers who can describe places and people so well.



“Penguin” Wedding: Mr. Allen Lane and Miss Lettice Orr

Mr. Allen Lane, managing director and editorial chief of Penguin Books, was married at Harmondsworth, Middlesex (where he and his two brothers have their book factory), to Miss Lettice Orr, daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Orr, of 57, Hillfield Court, N.W.3. Mr. Lane and his brothers are nephews of John Lane, of the Bodley Head, and formerly worked for that publishing firm



Sir Charles and Lady Orr

Father of Allen Lane's bride is Sir Charles Orr, K.C.M.G., former Governor and C.-in-C. of the Bahamas and author of two books, on Northern Nigeria and Cyprus. He and Lady Orr were married in 1911

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Storey—Marsden

Captain F. W. T. Storey and Agnes Isabelle Marsden, only daughter of Sir John Marsden, Bt., and Lady Marsden, of Pantton Hall, Lincoln, were married at Woodhall Spa Roman Catholic Church. He is the only son of the Rev. J. W. and Mrs. Storey, of Staple Grove Rectory, Taunton, Somerset.



Mrs. Thornley Hart

Joan Johnson, daughter of Richard Johnson, of 1617, Selkirk Avenue, Montreal, and Mrs. Jean Johnson, of 48, Albion Gate, W.2, and granddaughter of the late Sir Sanford Fleming, the Canadian railway engineer, was married in April at Palm Beach to Thornley Hart, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hart, of Montreal.

Fayer



Cripps—de la Hey

William Parry Cripps, son of Captain and Mrs. E. T. Cripps, of South Cerney Manor, Cirencester, and Mrs. Catherine Isabel de la Hey, of Cotteswold House, Cirencester, were married at Cirencester Parish Church. She is the widow of Major C. J. O. de la Hey, and daughter of the Rev. C. A. and Mrs. Sturges-Jones, of Long Newton Rectory, Tetbury, Glos.



Turner—Anderson

Captain M. Turner, only son of Mrs. S. Flavell Taillon, of Ottawa, and Veronica Mary Anderson were married at Ifield Parish Church, Sussex. She is the only daughter of Lieut.-General D. F. Anderson, who is serving as an Army Commander, and Mrs. Anderson, of Newstead Lodge, Ifield.



Kent—Houstoun

Lieut. Brian Kent, Welsh Guards, and Carol Houstoun were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. He is the son of H. Kent, of Paris, and the late Mrs. Kent. She is the daughter of the late W. McA. Houstoun, and Mrs. Houstoun, of Adderbury House, Adderbury, Oxon.

Fayer



Fitch—Berney-Ficklin

Captain Frederic Fitch, M.C., Royal Norfolk Regiment, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Fitch, of Bank House, Sheringham, Norfolk, and Elizabeth Berney-Ficklin, elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. T. Berney-Ficklin, of Tasburgh Grange, Norfolk, were married at St. Mary's, Tasburgh.

(Concluded on page 62)

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Rational Racing

THE only rational method is to ration! So far as the performers are concerned this has already been done very drastically, but it is obvious that we must ration the audience as well, and that, apart from the people immediately interested—owners, breeders, trainers and jockeys—the attendance must be restricted and some system of admission by ticket, applied for well in advance, will have to be introduced. Main communications, in view of the urgency of the military situation, must obviously be kept clear, and no motor vehicle allowed on them other than those absolutely necessary, plus the selected few used by the public. Racing quite apart, there are far too many motors on the roads for military safety. The most efficient force in the whole world cannot operate if its communications are in any way hampered.

So long as there is any kind of spectacle and no restriction, crowds will congregate. Take the instance of the Man in the Street, who suddenly stops and gazes intently at the skies, or anywhere else, irrespective of the fact whether there is anything for him to see or not; in under five minutes there will be a crowd of many other men in the street all gazing in the same direction. Take another well-known instance: the Kirby Gate meet of the Quorn Hounds. Anyone who has ever been there will know of the cars and charabancs which come from all over the place full of people who may not even know which end of a horse bites, or a foxhound from a poodle. Everyone, of course, is very pleased to see them both at the tryst and packing that natural grandstand, Gartree Hill, the historic first draw which is the rough end of four miles away from Kirby Gate. This is merely cited as a good example.

The only remedy for race crowds in war-time must be ration-cards. It would be biting our nose off to spite our face if the great industry were to be destroyed, for, as I said in a recent note in this page, when peace comes again, Great Britain and America will have an absolute monopoly of the bloodstock market.

Von Rintelen—Tipster

BEFORE the war between Russia and Finland was into its full stride, Von Rintelen, who was one of Germany's most skilful "agents" during the last war, predicted a clash between his country and Russia, and he was very insistent upon the desirability of the burying of the hatchet by Great Britain and France and Germany to prevent a Russian break-through to an outlet to the Atlantic. He said that this was imperative in order to stop a domination of that ocean by the Soviet's submarine forces, which he held to be the most formidable in the whole world. Von Rintelen envisaged an irresistible movement of these naval forces from the Baltic and from Vladivostok, and he believed that they were strong enough to defy the joint opposition of the British, French and German navies.

He said this upon an occasion when he was lunching with me at the Savage Club, and he was so convinced of the desirability of a triple alliance against Russia that he asked if a special messenger could be obtained to take a communication of a secret nature to an appropriate authority. This, of course, was done for him, and a receipt brought back before we had arrived at the coffee stage. What exactly was in this letter I do not know. It must, however, have had relation to the thing about which he was so vehement, the necessity for stopping Russia in Finland and a joint attack upon her there and on her sally-ports in



D. R. Stuart

A Sporting Couple

Mrs. McKelvie, Secretary-Manager of the Beaver Club, in Whitehall, is the former Miss Alex McOstrich, an international tennis player. She captained the British team to S. Africa in 1938-39, and skipped the Middlesex County side for several seasons. Her husband, Sec. Lt. Roy McKelvie, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, is also well known in the sports world as a squash player and cricketer

the Baltic. Now Von Papen, another ex-spy and another Monarchist, has said very much the same thing!

No Lover of Hitler

VON RINTELEN was no lover or supporter of the Nazi regime, and he made his suggestion out of no desire to further Herr Hitler's plan of world domination: all that he did say was that unless Great Britain, France and Germany composed their quarrels and pooled their resources, Russia would swamp the world because of her preponderant submarine navy and her far from insignificant land and air forces. He said



The M.C.C. Winning Team

D. R. Stuart

Tonbridge School was beaten by the M.C.C. XI., who scored 125 for three against the School's 124. Standing: C. H. Pillman, L. Allen, Sq.-Ldr. J. Llewellyn, H. Stirling, B. Allen, P. Pettman; Sitting: The Rev. C. E. Squire, T. A. Crawford, C. H. Knott (Captain), R. E. Evans and L. W. Woodruffe



The Tonbridge School XI.

D. R. Stuart

This team won their match against the R.A.F., but were beaten by the M.C.C. by seven wickets. Standing: R. E. Stainbank, S. S. L. Marshall, C. V. L. Marques, A. L. Woodland, J. R. M. Turbett, F. H. Scobie, D. H. Thomson; Sitting: F. G. Harbord, P. A. Masters, G. H. P. Pritchard (Captain), C. J. Matthew and S. F. Hills



D. R. Stuart

Two Polish Airmen

Flt.-Lieut. S. T. Jakimowicz is in the British R.A.F., acting as liaison officer with the Inspector-General of the Polish Air Force. He is a keen tennis player; interpreted for Panna Jadwiga Jedrzejowska, the young Polish player, on her first visit to Wimbledon. With him in the picture is Wing-Commander Gruska, serving with the Polish Air Force



"Me and My Girl"

Phyllis Clare, the actress-wife of Flt.-Lieut. C. J. Gilmour-Wood, who appeared with Lupino Lane in "Me and My Girl" on tour, has been spending a few weeks' holiday with her husband. Flt.-Lieut. Gilmour-Wood was Way and Waller's chairman and managing director before he joined the R.A.F. last September. He is now personal assistant to Air Commodore E. L. Howard

the world would be Bolshevised. I am convinced that Von Rintelen honestly believed this at that time, and that he thought that joint action would be the salvation of not only his own country but of ours also.

Von Rintelen, whom I know quite well, and incidentally like, always stressed his belief that the antagonism of Britain and Germany was a hideous mistake; he thought that the 1914 campaign never ought to have happened, and he maintained that the late Kaiser Wilhelm never wanted that war. The distinguished German naval officer was, of course, a dyed-in-the-wool Monarchist. I never have believed that the Kaiser did not want that war, but this by the way.

Very shortly after this interesting luncheon Von Rintelen was the guest of honour at a Foyle's Literary Lunch at Grosvenor House. Later we met again upon the very day that he was invited to go into temporary retirement! *Auf wiedersehen!*

A New Pard?

"THE panther has not changed his stripes." This was the thrilling information given us by a correspondent of a Sunday paper vis-à-vis the German of to-day. Owning to a limited acquaintanceship with panthers, I am compelled to admit that I have never yet met a striped one, but this is not the same thing as saying that he does not exist. There may also be spotted zebras for aught I know to the contrary.

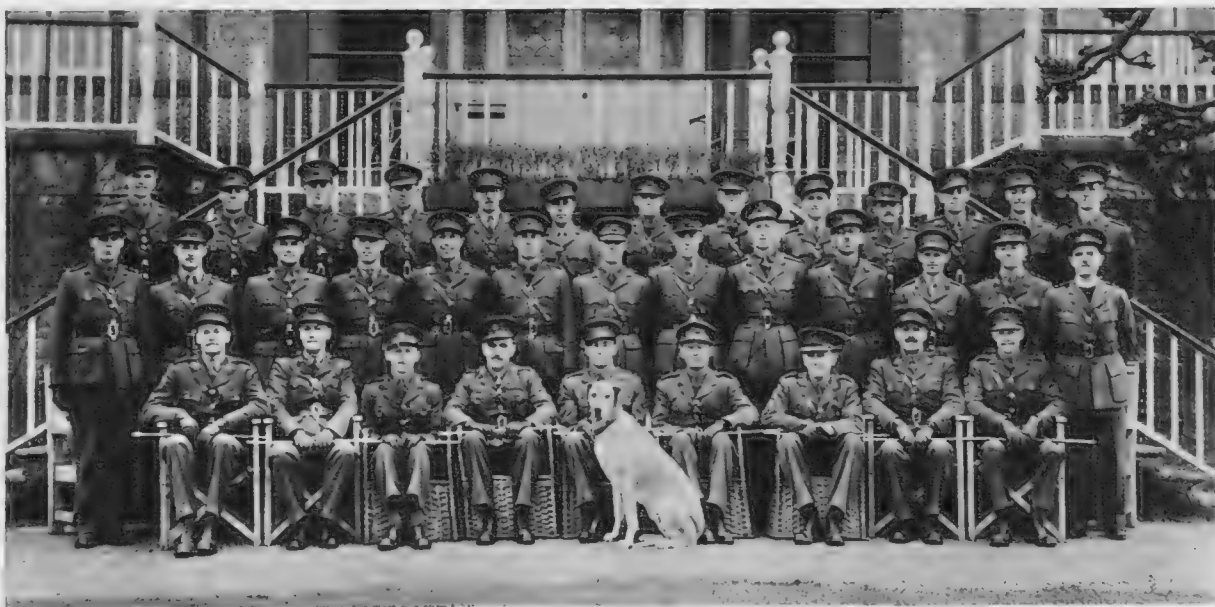
The nearest that I have ever come to anything of this description has been completely *ersatz*—an Indian wedding horse. This is a very savage animal, usually white with a pink nose and has a wall eye. Upon the occasions of weddings or festivals in honour of any member of the Hindu Pantheon, this animal is led in procession securely moored by ropes to at least four persons, and it emits squeals, roars and snorts which nearly drown the noise of the tom-tom beaters, the toodle-pipe players. This horse is caparisoned with tinsel feathers on its head collar and is spotted

all over with blobs of henna and saffron. It looks rather like a cross between a leopard, a unicorn and a rocking-horse.

"L" at Both Ends

HAVING recently been part of the audience at a notable trial of an action for libel, and heard so much about innuendo, which is to say the thing which a really expert cross-examiner can read into words which to the ordinary laymen seem more or less harmless, I am left wondering as to exactly how far anyone can go, and whether the employment of any of the numerous words and phrases which have become the current coin of modern conversation would land him in the mesh of the law. For instance, if A wrote and published of B "He is a twerp" or "He is a dope," could B go for heavy damages, there, being no dictionary definition of what a "twerp" actually is? There is also no information as to what is a "sap." I do not think the users of this word intend it to be understood that it derives from "sapio"—"I am wise."

And again, as his lordship has known nothing about such modern expressions from the moment that he emerged from the chrysalis of silk to become the gay butterfly of the bench, could he be expected to direct any jury as to what the law had to say about it, the jury, of course, being common persons who know without any telling exactly what the defendant had in his mind? His lordship's knowledge of colloquial slang vanished like spume before a Biscay gale the moment he installed himself upon the judicial bench. Would it be libel for A to write and publish of B "Ride? The only place he ought to ride is in a cart with a net over it," both A and B being persons who make their living by "having to do with horses." The innuendo here is unmistakable. It is obvious that if A says of B: "He ought to be hanged by his blinkin' neck till he is something well dead," is a most dangerous statement in which the suggestion is very direct; but if one lady calls another a "hardy annual" is that libel? I put this point because that is an actual case I have met. Plaintiff had produced at least one infant p.a.



A Battalion of the Devon Regiment

Front row: Capts. J. H. Brownrigg, R. M. Smith, Major E. G. Thorne, Capt. and Adj. J. B. Cruse, Lieut.-Col. J. N. Oliver, Majors W. P. Symonds, R. S. Croot, Capt. R. G. Philipps, W. T. Gordon-Marshall; Centre row: Capts. G. Mathew, R.A.S.C., T. G. Oerton, F. E. Baker, Sec.-Lieut. J. R. Sims, Lieut. H. G. Warwick, Sec.-Lieuts. E. Hannah, H. O. Flinham, O. E. Hughes, Lieut. D. A. Green, Sec.-Lieut. A. J. Silwood, Capts. P. F. Anderson, G. W. Buscombe, Rev. G. J. Jenkins, C.F.; Back row: Sec.-Lieut. R. B. Blatchford, Lieut. S. Farmer, Sec.-Lieuts. D. C. Bradford, R. H. McKay, Lieuts. E. M. Gregory-Jones, J. Rosenthal, R.A.M.C., J. M. Luscombe, Sec.-Lieuts. J. G. Watkin, E. W. Webber, N. F. Carter, Lieut. A. F. Bromley, Sec.-Lieuts. L. R. Bradford, W. Young

Getting Married (Continued)



Fisher—Greenhalgh

Frank Fisher, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Fisher, and Norah Greenhalgh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Greenhalgh, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. He is the general manager of the May Fair Hotel. Miss Greenhalgh's father was until recently vice-chairman of Unilever



Hardman—Paxman

Andrew Laurence Hardman, youngest son of the late James Hardman, and Mrs. Hardman, of Kensington Mansions, W., and Mrs. Joyce Naomi Paxman, daughter of the late Col. R. E. L. Radcliffe, and Mrs. Radcliffe, of Egremont, Binfield, Berks., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



de Paula—Jervis Read

Fayer

Captain Hugh F. M. de Paula, R.A., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. M. de Paula, of 8, Palace Gate, W.8, and Elizabeth Ann Jervis Read, daughter of H. V. Jervis Read, of Stamford Brook, and Mrs. Jervis Read, of Aldershot, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton Road



Petronilla Moxon

Petronilla Moxon is engaged to Captain Philip Wright, M.C., Royal Engineers, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Wright, of Cliffe Towers, Rammoor, Sheffield. She is the youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Moxon, of the Cedars, Gainsborough



Faure—Battes

Flying Officer Eric S. N. Faure, R.A.F.V.R., youngest son of the late H. M. F. Faure, of Claygate, Surrey, and Mrs. Faure, of Glaslyn, Criccieth, Wales, and Irene Battes, adopted daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edward Battes, of Stewardstonebury, Essex, were married in London



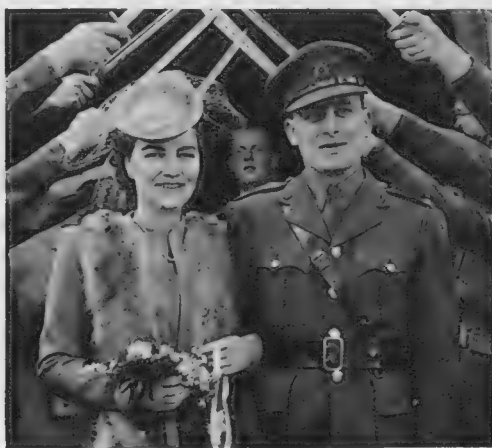
Gabrielle Blunt

Gabrielle Hilda Blunt is engaged and will be married shortly to Sec.-Lieut. Tony Thornton, R.T.R. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Blunt, of Goudhurst, Kent. She is on the stage, as was her fiancé before the war



Carr-Walker—Padfield

Charles Ian Carr-Walker and Leonora Mary Padfield were married at Penn, Bucks. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Herber Carr-Walker, of Almsford House, Harrogate, Yorks. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Padfield, of Holcombe, Knotty Green, Bucks.



Avery—McVeigh

Sec.-Lieut. P. N. Avery, R.A.S.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Avery, of 16, St. George's Crescent, York, was married at Hethersett Church, Norfolk, to Moira Ingram McVeigh, daughter of the late Captain and Mrs. Herbert McVeigh, of Kingwilliamstown, South Africa



Fell-Clark—Seale

Lieut. John Ingham Fell-Clark, R.N.V.R., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Fell-Clark, of Mill Court, Cholsey, Berks., and Denise Madeline de Cartrick Seale, daughter of F. Wilmot Seale, and Mrs. A. H. Allardyce, of Old Tiles, Nettlebed, Oxon, were married at St. Saviour's, Nettlebed



Courage is not enough

IN THAT admiration and gratitude which every one of us feels towards the officers and men of the Royal Air Force, their dependents have a right to share. Theirs is a special sort of courage, all the harder for being passive.

But courage is not enough, for, when tragedy strikes suddenly out of the sky, it can leave among the wreckage personal problems involving, possibly, a long recovery from injuries, reduced circumstances, the education of the children, and so on—problems which cannot, must not be left to their families to shoulder alone.

Will you help? The Royal Air Force

Benevolent Fund which administers assistance to the officers, men and women of the Force, urgently needs money to meet demands that are constantly increasing.

This is a grand chance to show one's appreciation of these fine fellows who last year won the Battle of Britain and on whose courage and devotion our safety now in this island depends at every hour of the day and night. Please think of something you could do without, and send a generous cheque to the Hon. Sec., Mr. Bertram T. Rumble, 1 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1, made payable to "The Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund."

An appeal on behalf of The Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund by the Nuffield Organization,

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Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Helicopter

MR. SIKORSKY has been helicoptering about in a most exciting manner in America. Russian inventive thought is always five years ahead of any other country's and Mr. Sikorsky is an inveterate helicopter or helicopterite or helicoptist or helicoptic or helicopterist or helicopterer. He believes in buzzing; in the insect's rather than the bird's way of flight and so he surrounds himself with small, whizzing winglets.

Sustained by these and seated in something which looks like a cross between a threshing machine and a Victorian brass bedstead, he has been flying backwards, sideways, upwards, downwards and even, occasionally, forwards. And he has stayed in the air in this helicopter for almost as long as an interceptor fighter can stay up.

War spurns the stationary and discourages the study of the still. War prefers to rush about from place to place and to show a nervous restlessness. It is all the more important, therefore, not to overlook the work done by Mr. Sikorsky with his helicopter. For the day may come when this work will prove to be of paramount importance.

According to report Mr. Sikorsky set up one official and two or three unofficial records for helicopters, making not only the longest flight for this type of machine, but also making the first amphibious flight, for he took off from water and came down again on dry land. He is said to have hovered near the ground while a parcel was loaded on the machine and to have "nosed

up to a tree and then backed away from it again."

Shorter Flight

IHAVE always been a believer in moving wing flight though my own allegiance has been in the direction of the Autogiro rather than the helicopter. (For those who don't bother to remember the Autogiro is a proprietary form of rotaplane in which lift is derived from a free windmill whereas the helicopter gets its lift by screwing itself up into the air.)

The chief failings of air travel seem to me to be the result of the lack of a fully developed, short range flying machine. We can travel 5000 miles by air with advantage; but it is impossible to travel 5 miles by air with advantage.

The reason is the ratio of terminal communications and general aerodrome messing about to main journey. I do not think that air travel will be fully successful until it can be made to take fuller advantage of Sir George Cayley's "uninterrupted navigable ocean which comes to the threshold of every man's door."

It is to carry its passengers to the threshold of their doors that should be the aim of air transport and that—as I see it—entails the use of the helicopter or Autogiro or other form of rotaplane working in conjunction with the longer range, higher speed, fixed wing aeroplane.

War to Begin Peace

IN using this "uninterrupted navigable ocean" of the air for war purposes the Germans have developed the threshold idea by introducing parachutists and gliders, or rather they have profited by the Russian development of this idea. The parachute and the glider get over the problems of terminal communications, of the last five miles, in war.

They are to war what the helicopter and the Autogiro must be to peace. They bridge that awkward gap between the disembarkation at an aerodrome from the long range aeroplane and the conclusion of the journey at the threshold of the door.

In peace-time air transport we cannot expect passengers to leap from the aircraft as it passes their door and to descend by parachute. We might be able, in certain circumstances, to use the glider train for achieving this object for the glider could be made to land in quite a small garden. But for general purposes it must be the rotaplane.

Women Out of Uniform

IT was pleasing to be able to welcome over here Miss Jacqueline Cochran, the American woman pilot, who was last here I think at the time of the race between England and Australia. She arrived one evening at Mildenhall and I remember seeing her get out from her machine. One tends to expect the woman pilot to appear trussed up in some frightful uniform and covered with wings and gold



Air Vice-Marshal at Flying Film

Paramount film, "I Wanted Wings," had a double premiere at the Carlton and the Plaza. Air Vice-Marshal Richard Hallam Peck, C.B., O.B.E., the forty-eight-year-old Assistant Chief of Air Staff, was present at the latter. It is a fine film concerning the American Air Training Corps and the interior of Flying Fortresses is shown for the first time

braided and so it was delightful to find Miss Cochran as neat in her appearance as if she had been in a drawing room.

And as she is, I suppose, the best woman pilot, let it be hoped that her example in matters of appearance will be followed. In private life she is Mrs. Floyd Odium. One of her best efforts was her speed record of 331 miles an hour over a 2000 kilometre course. I believe she took this record from the Germans.

Her arrival in this country was supposed to be wrapped in mystery but as nearly everybody knew that she had flown one of the United States bombing aeroplanes over here the point of withholding the name of the machine eluded me. However I believe that I am not allowed to say what it was.

Aerodrome Defence

SINCE I made some remarks about the Home Office's way of trying to protect our aerodromes from the activities of fifth columnists, I have had cases brought to me showing that there is an urgent need for overhauling this particular organisation.

I felt that it would be better if I were allowed to put the point direct to the Home Office rather than mention it in public, but when I spoke to an official there he refused to answer my questions on the grounds that, being an air correspondent, I ought already to know all the answers! All of which shows that the way of him who tries to present what he believes to be useful ideas or information to a Government department is indeed hard.

Personally I do not think that there is any need for these Government departments to be so resentful of questions, for after all they are trying to win the war just as much as their questioners. All they need do is to tell the truth as far as they know it. That is always the best answer to the critic. On the other hand concealment and evasion almost invariably lead to further outbreaks of criticism for they feed the suspicion that something serious is wrong.

R.A.F. Offensive

A FINAL note of admiration for the way the Fighter Command and the Bomber Command have been battering the Germans in the west.



Air Chief-Marshal Receives the G.B.E.

Air Chief-Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., the former A.O.C.-in-C., Coastal Command, has been awarded the Grand Cross of the British Empire. He is in charge of the reception of aircraft brought to England by the Flight Ferry Command of the U.S. Army Air Corps. At one time he was the commander of the aircraft-carrier *Empress*. He was sent recently to Canada and America on a special mission



THE joy in playing a NORTH BRITISH Golf Ball is somewhat restricted on our home courses. But the Americans are getting a thrill! Here is its American Counterpart—the NORTH BRITISH ‘75’—now, because of its proved exceptional quality, one of the most popular Golf Balls in the United States . . . another case of “BRITAIN DELIVERS THE GOODS”

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION by M. E. BROOKE

Very attractive are the country and travel coats that women are choosing carried out in tweed in cheerful colours. They are well tailored and cut on non-committal lines so they do not become dated. Corringe in the Buckingham Palace Road are responsible for the one on the right on this page. It is of a beautiful Scotch tweed with suede collar and buttons; it is in glen colourings. Naturally, there are many variations on this theme. In order to economise in the matter of "coupons" dresses are reinforced with basques to suggest a two-piece affair. Then the aspect of an outfit can be altered by changing the hats



There are great rejoicings over the fact that the summer sales have not been abandoned. Economy may be pleasantly practised even if coupons have to be given up. Percy Vickery's, 245, Regent Street, sale is of particular interest as many of the models were made up before the advent of the Purchase Tax. Portrayed on this page is a natural Australian Opossum coat. Accessories of this character will play an important role in the near future. Here is to be seen a large collection of mink dyed ermine and blended musquash coats. Those in which ocelot and beaver share honours are very smart. A feature is here made of renovations and remodelling



Elizabeth Arden, 25, Old Bond Street, realises that women have little time to give to using decorative beauty aids. Nevertheless, the skin and the eyes must be cleansed, otherwise the general health may suffer. The eyes are the most important. The Eye Lotion is unrivalled for use when the eyes are tired and aching. For many years men and women in the Services have sought its beneficial effects: the medical profession has had much to say in its favour. Dust and dirt must never be allowed to penetrate the pores of the skin, as they can play great havoc. The Cleansing Cream insists that they shall yield up their prey while the Velva Cream gives the skin just the sustenance it is ever seeking. The Skin Tonic is very refreshing; if patted on it stimulates the circulation. When the eyes are tired a pad should be moistened and placed on the lids





Shakespeare

Three Plays by Three Companies



Angus McBean

"King John" by the Old Vic

Sybil Thorndike is Constance and Ernest Milton is King John in the Old Vic production which opened on Monday for two weeks at the New. Tyrone Guthrie and Lewis Casson directed the play, Frederick Crook did the decor. Ann Casson, daughter of Lewis Casson and Dame Sybil Thorndike, is in the cast. This is the Old Vic Company's first appearance in London since the war. After their very brief season they return to the provinces



"The Taming of the Shrew" in Southwark

Claire Luce makes her London debut as a Shakespearean actress in Robert Atkin's open-air season in Southwark Park. Petruchio to her Katherine is Patrick Kinsella, an Irish actor. A review by Mr. Farjeon of this production is on page 12



"A Midsummer Night's Dream" in Berkshire—an Open-Air Performance by the Webber-Douglas School

The Webber-Douglas School have been giving open-air performances of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the garden of their wartime home in Berkshire, in aid of comforts for Berkshire regiments. In this group are Diana Hare, daughter of Robertson Hare, as Puck, and Erica Koch, Marion Forster, Joyce Myers and Brenda Cowdery as fairies



Miss Ellen O'Malley, who directs the drama section, and Mr. W. Johnstone Douglas, one of the school's co-founders, were directing a rehearsal of the scene between Bottom (John Lawson) and Titania (Jane Willock). The Webber-Douglas School has been at Brockhill House, near Bracknell, since the war

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B Representative of a collection of model afternoon gowns in lovely and unrepeatable materials. The one sketched is printed in several shades of grey on a navy ground. The gown is short sleeved and is a style becoming to most figures. Hip 39 in. Sale price 151 gns. (Model Gowns) 7 Coupons

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Stories From Everywhere

THEY had been arguing as to whether men or women were more unscrupulous. To support his argument the husband said: "I see by the paper tonight that out of every hundred persons fined for travelling without a ticket, seventy-five are women."

"There!" replied his wife. "That only shows that women are more economical than men."

"WHAT does this expression 'Sez you' mean?" asked the judge.

The clerk of the court replied: "My lord, it appears that this is a slang expression of American origin which has gained regrettable currency in the language of our people through the insidious agency of the cinema, and is, I am led to understand, employed to indicate a state of dubiety in the mind of the speaker as to the veracity, or credibility of a statement made to him."

"Oh yeah!" came from the judge.

"HOW nice it is to have met you again after all these years, dear Captain Swayman," cooed the lady, effusively.

"Major now!" replied her companion. "That was ten years ago, you know."

"How time flies!" went on the lady, and added, still more effusively. "Well, congratulations and good-bye. I hope you'll be a general when next we meet."

"MY new maid is a treasure," said Mrs. Smythe, proudly. "I had a bridge party the other day, and one player 'phoned at the last minute to say she couldn't come."

"How annoying!" exclaimed her friend, sympathetically.

"Oh, it didn't matter, you see. The maid put on one of my frocks and made up the four."

"That was very helpful."

"It was indeed; and I won her week's wages back!"

WHEN the chemist returned from lunch his new assistant reported that a customer with a hang-over had called, and he had given him something with the kick of a mule in it.

"Talk about a pick-me-up!" said the young man. "I'll bet that mixture blows the top of his head off."

"I hope you were careful what you gave him," said the chemist, nervously. "You don't know what harm you might have done him."

"Oh, you needn't worry," replied the smart youngster, "I got him to sign the poison book!"

TWO charladies were having a "set-to."

"And let me tell you," said Mrs. Higgins, "that I've always tried to be respectable."

"Hindeed!" retorted Mrs. Harris. "Well, speaking for meself, I don't 'ave to try."

THE Londoner was boasting to a Scot that it was impossible to "do" him, even if he did live south of the border.

"Is that so," retorted the Scot. "Well, I'll sell you for a penny something for which I paid twopence, and yet I'll make a penny over the transaction."

"Done!" said the Londoner, slapping down his penny on the table.

The Scot put down on the table a twopenny bus ticket.

"I INTEND getting married shortly," said the young man to the verger. "Please tell me how many Sundays are necessary for the publication of the banns."

"Three clear Sundays, young man," replied the verger, a sour old man. "Three clear Sundays—the same as for any ordinary execution."

THE couple had been engaged in a fight, and the wife was in bed suffering from severe injuries. The vicar called to see the patient.

"Yes, sir," affirmed the invalid, "'e 'it me right on the 'ead with a chair."

"Well," replied the vicar, soothingly, "I trust you will make up your mind to forgive him—in case you do not recover."

"Oh, yes; I'll forgive 'im if I die. But if I git about agen—'e'd better look out."

THE senior warden and his assistant were on night patrol. To their great indignation they came upon a light streaming from an uncurtained window.

As they approached the window they saw a very charming young widow undressing.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the assistant. "This won't do."

"It certainly will not," agreed his senior, settling himself into a comfortable position. "She must be told about it—tomorrow!"

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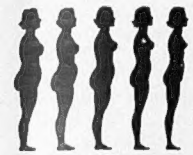


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Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

"CROWDED OUT" was a common enough cry in the busy golfing days; in these the more common complaint is paucity of news, until it seems as if "Maker of bricks without straw" would be the right label for the wartime occupation of most golfing journalists.

But this time there is actually an apology due because words of congratulation to those women golfers who figured in the Birthday Honours List were crowded out whilst space was taken up with the real hitting of a real ball by those four real golfers, Misses Pam Barton, Wanda Morgan, Maureen Ruttle and Mrs. Critchley. Now nothing shall interfere.

The only pity is that the stories behind the awards are not forthcoming. Perhaps in days to come mutual friends will whisper into an ear which need not be private the how and why and when, for it is pretty certain that the recipients themselves will go on keeping quiet tongues about it.

Meantime, the only course is to congratulate them all; express a conviction that they were truly earned, and then recall some of those past occasions which the names conjure up, so far removed from the winning of an M.B.E.

MRS. L. BOYS, County Organiser Women's Voluntary Service for Civil Defence, Lincolnshire, is the first on the list, and the name takes one straight back to Woodhall Spa, where Mrs. Boys was ever ready to partner a visitor left lonely in a BYSTANDER Foursome or a Woodhall Spa open meeting week. She hit the ball a shrewd blow, too, having grand physique for the game, and even with an unknown partner was apt to go gaily along to the confounding of those who knew not Woodhall and its wiles.

What extraordinarily good times did come along there, and what a really magnificent test of golf it was, with every need for sound tactics and navigation, as

well as the ability to hit the ball far and straight. The big hitter there was often apt to think her strength must make her invulnerable; the deadly accurate one, seeing the slasher knee deep in heather or head high in bunkers, computed that brains might outwit brawn. The truth was that both were essential.

Wild flowers were a speciality; wild lilies of the valley in neighbouring woods in spring time; lovely deep blue gentians decorating the rough in early autumn, inspiring a note on the score cards and notice board which begged players not to be greedy over picking them. Decapitating a gentian with a No. 8 would have felt almost as wanton as some of the shots that had to be played from amongst the primroses and pansies, the violets and little pale blue scillas that decked the rough so lavishly over the old Portrush course, of happy 1911 and 1924 memories; even in 1939's drought there were a few of them, though you had to stray further to crush them with an impious foot or blaster.

MISS HELEN CORSER, Lady County Superintendent for Shropshire St. John Ambulance Brigade is the next new M.B.E., to be remembered in connexion with Midland matches and championships, with mixed foursomes at Brocton Hall, BYSTANDER Foursomes here there and everywhere. A quietly efficient golfer, perhaps the best her county has so far produced, it is easy to picture the sort of splendid self-effacing work she would do for St. John Ambulance, and how delighted her friends would be to see that sort of thing recognised.

It is the Welsh golfers who are rejoicing specially over honours for Miss K. F. Allington Hughes (Wrexham Juvenile Advisory Committee). First a hockey player, then a golfer, she never failed to put in a cheerful appearance when the Principality needed her, ready to stand up to anybody however famous and—unless a miracle happened—beyond her capacity to beat. She knew her limitations as a player, but they were never allowed to stand in the way either of usefulness or enjoyment, and she was always one of those tireless golfers who played a championship round in the morning, a bogey round after lunch, and if need be something else before bedtime, in those energetic days when a Welsh championship was a "real meal" of competitive golf.

To finish the list comes Mrs. V. M. Martin Smith, County Organiser W.V.S. for Civil Defence and President Women's Institutes, Hertfordshire. That brings honour to the Parliamentary L.G.A. as well as Hertfordshire, recalls an amateur champion son, daughters (both Mrs. Hill Wood) who were by no means to be held lightly, as well as personal golf of her own far from unworthy of the golfing family.

A HOLIDAY, whether or not it takes on the more formal title of leave, is seldom wished away, but it really is tantalising that the dates should clash irrevocably with the match W.A.A.F.'s v. A.T.S. which is scheduled for the afternoon of Saturday, July 12, at West Hill. Miss Pam Barton and Miss Jessie Anderson will presumably lead their respective sides; Miss Enid Wilson, Miss Molly Gourlay, Miss Nan Baird, Mrs. Golden (Mary Beard) are some of the other great ones to follow after, and the proceeds will be shared by the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund and the A.T.S. Comforts Fund. There could not be a better course in these careless days, for West Hill adjoins Brookwood station.

Of course, "exigencies of the services" may upset these charming plans. Perhaps I shall even find myself there instead of in Dorset. It will be an afternoon's golf well worth seeing.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

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